

FIGHT WITH A SHARK AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.



Andrew Cameron, Who Fought and Killed a Shark at the Bottom of the Sea.

Diver Andrew Cameron, Armed Only with a Dirk, Meets the Man-Eater Off Vera Cruz, and Kills Him After a Desperate Encounter.

TO fight to a finish with a man-eating shark, eighty feet below the surface, was the lot that fell to Andrew Cameron, a Scotch diver, in the harbor of Vera Cruz, Mexico. Not only did he survive the encounter, but he landed here yesterday from the Ward liner Yucatan and told the tale.

Cameron is a stockily built chap of Herculean strength. Barring an injured left knee, he came out of the desperate struggle unscathed. He holds a certificate from the British Navy, and is considered an expert in deep-sea diving. That is why he was engaged three months ago to go to Vera Cruz and inspect the base of a bulkhead 2,000 feet long, built by a Glasgow firm, for the Mexican Government.

The bulkhead forms a square basin that varies in depth from twenty to eighty feet. Its walls are made of blocks of stone, set in concrete. At intervals, inside the basin, are pilings driven close to the walls.

Cameron had two men to man the pumps that supplied him with air, and a Mexican diver named King, who looked after the signals and saw to it that the proper volume of air was supplied. Cameron had been at work ten weeks and had inspected one-half of the wall by October 10, the day of his nearly fatal encounter.

He Meets the Monster.

His experience from this point is best told by himself, as follows:

"I descended at a point where the water is eighty feet deep, and the deepest spot in the basin—and the pressure was forty pounds to the square inch.

"I had been working about two hours and a half when I noticed a shadow over me. The water was very clear, and I could see the wall and the bottom distinctly. On looking up, to my utter astonishment, I saw a shark fully ten feet long, close to my helmet.

"The sight almost bereft me of the power of motion for a moment. I had seen dogfish some two feet long in the basin, but they had not bothered me and I had been assured that no man-eaters ever came into the harbor. Yet here was a shark weighing at least two hundred pounds and evidently he was man-eating.

"I was a good one with a two-edged blade, two and one-half inches wide and eighteen inches long.

"Rushing up quickly, I drove the blade into the shark's throat and ripped out his aorta as I could. Then I pulled the signal to be drawn up, but it was not understood. Apparently, and I am glad of it now, for had I been drawn up then the shark would surely have bitten off my legs.

The Huge Jaws Close.

"He didn't expect any sudden attack, but I knew the monster would quickly retaliate; so I tried to slip behind one of the piles that stood out from the wall. But I was too slow. The diving clews weighted my feet, and the shark, turning quickly, and slinking almost to the bottom, darted at me. I tried to swim behind the pile, but like a flash, the shark turned on his side—as the creatures always do—exposing the big white belly, and opened his jaws.

My left leg was exposed, and I expected it would be snapped off. But the shark closed his jaws too quickly. He bit a solid piece from the rubber leg of my diving suit, and jammed my leg with such force against the pile that the tendons were strained and the knee dislocated.

The leg was partially paralyzed but I saw my chance and drove my dirk into the shark's belly with my left hand, and gave one desperate rip with all the strength I could command.

"That finished Mr. Shark, but I did not know it then, for the blood and the mud from the bottom hid him from view. A new danger threatened me for the water rushed through the rent in the rubber legging and arose to my chest.

"There the pressure of air stopped it for a time, but I knew that I would soon be strangled if I was not drawn up, so I tugged at the signal rope. They hauled me up, but the shark reached the surface ahead of me. After thrashing about a while he stretched out dead. The sight of the dying shark and told the men of my injury and caused them to haul away with all their might.

"I was so nearly unconscious that I couldn't climb the short ladder to the raft, and when at length they removed my suit I fell in a heap, totally exhausted."

DANBURY IS SHAKEN UP.

City Disturbed by What Was Thought to Be an Explosion, but Proved an Earthquake.

Danbury, Conn., Nov. 10.—This city was shaken last night by what was at first thought to be an explosion, but it is now thought to have been an earthquake shock. The disturbance was noticed at 9:45 p. m.

This Offer for To-Day Only.

At King's, the well-known clothiers, Great Thursday bargain sale of overcoats, and they refuse to put the price of fine overcoats away down to-day. We will sell a big lot of fine blue, black and brown Kersey overcoats, regular \$15 quality, at \$10.00 for this occasion. All sizes, box or half cut, many silk lined. King, the great clothiers, corner Broadway and Park place.

ONE HUNDRED NORWALK VOLUNTEERS WILL SUPPLY MISS KINSELLA WITH CUTICLE.

It Will Take Seventy-five Square Inches of Skin Grafting to Save the Life and Partially Restore the Good Looks of the Pretty Girl That Owen Murphy Doused with Vitriol.



Jennie Kinsella, the Victim of Owen Murphy, the Vitriol Thrower.

NORWALK, Conn., Nov. 10.—Jennie Kinsella, who was so frightfully disfigured by the carbolic acid thrown by Owen Murphy, will

quivering flesh. For days she hovered between life and death. Then came a turn for the better. Sight was gone, but John O'Donnell, her sweetheart, remained true to her, and vowed that he would marry

her just as soon as she was able to leave her bed.

Dr. Huntington, who attended the wounded girl, knew from the first that Jennie would eventually die unless the cuticle burned away by the acid could be replaced. This fact becoming known in Norwalk, the volunteer movement to supply Dr. Huntington with the necessary material at once began. It was headed by B. C. Maples, who is the only person whose name is to be made public in connection with the affair. In discussing the matter to-day Mr. Maples said:

"Miss Kinsella's entire left cheek is denuded of skin. On the left side of her neck is a patch two inches wide and eight inches long which needs new supply. Her left breast from the neck down is burned, and most of the right side, too. The skin of her nose will have to be replaced and so will her left eyelid. Nothing can be done, however, until the suppurated skin has sloughed off. Then we will select the healthiest of the volunteers and take what cuticle we need."



BLOOMINGDALE'S CARRIAGE IN A COLLIS DITCH.

SAMUEL J. BLOOMINGDALE, a member of the firm of Bloomingdale Bros., narrowly escaped a fatal mishap yesterday morning.

While driving a spirited pair of trotters through Fifty-ninth street, surrey and horses were precipitated into a trench at the corner of Fifth avenue. Mr. Bloomingdale and his footmen saw their peril in time to jump and save themselves.

The ditch was opened by the Metropolitan Traction Company, and Contractor Baird, of Fifth avenue notoriety. A passing car frightened the horses, one of them shied, missed his footing, and fell into the hole. He dragged the other horse and surrey with him.

The animals for a time were in a perilous position, and only for the prompt arrival of assistance both of them would have been strangled in the ditch. Contractor Baird's men rushed to the scene of the mishap, cut the harness and then with the aid of a derrick hoisted the horses out of the hole. They were both badly scratched.

At 3 o'clock two mornings after Murphy returned. He was armed with a new revolver and ready for another crime, as subsequent events proved. After a struggle, he was disarmed and taken to prison.

Jennie Kinsella was fearfully disfigured. Both her eyes were completely burned out; the face, neck and bosom were a mass of

recover, and a part of her beauty may be preserved to her by the aid of seventy-five or one hundred gallant men and boys of Norwalk. Dr. Huntington needs seventy-five square inches to replace that burned from the girl's face and shoulders. When this fact became known, the men and boys of the town at once began sending their names to the physician, or calling upon him and expressing their willingness to undergo the operation of skin grafting for the girl's sake.

One Thursday evening a couple of weeks ago, Jennie Kinsella, one of the prettiest girls in all Norwalk, returned to her home from her work. She lived in one of the outlying districts, where there are few lights. With her were Mamie Troy, May Murphy and two other girls.

As they reached the Kinsella home Miss Murphy left her companions and crossed the road to her own habitation. No sooner had she turned her back than a shiek of Whiting in agony lay Jennie Kinsella. At that moment Owen Murphy, a brother of Miss Murphy, darted out of the gloom to where his frightened sister stood.

"I didn't mean to hurt Jennie," he whispered to her, and then he disappeared as quickly as he had come. All that night and next day infuriated men hunted the surrounding country for the wretch. Sister Murphy, and she kept her knowledge of the real culprit to herself for more than six hours.

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DEGENERATE SIR ROBERT PEEL REFUSES TO FIGHT A DUEL.



Sir Robert Peel.

Heir of the Celebrated Statesman Retracts to Avoid Meeting an Italian Who Challenged Him Because of a Controversy Over the Court-Martial of Captain Dreyfuss.

SIXTEEN CONTESTS OF FAIR'S WILL.

The Document Establishing a Trust to Be Tested in Court.

A COPY IN EVIDENCE.

Some One Stole the Original from the Clerk's Office, and It Cannot Be Found.

San Francisco, Nov. 10.—The trust will made by the late James G. Fair, will be the next document to be tested in the long course of litigation that is being carried through in order to settle the millionaire's estate. It is supposed that sixteen or more contests of this will will be filed before all the heirs have placed their objections on record.

This will is dated September 21, 1894, and the original was stolen from the County Clerk's office and never recovered. There is certain to be a suit brought by the three children, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Miss Virginia Fair, and Charles L. Fair. Mrs. Nettie Craven probably will file a second and a third may be commenced in the name of an alleged grandchild of the deceased millionaire. The contests will be commenced upon the grounds that ex-Senator Fair was incompetent or insane at the time he made the trust will, and that he was acting under undue influence and duress.

Mrs. Craven's suit probably will be brought by her as the widow of the ex-Senator. Judge Slack's decision places her in such a position that she must fight the trust will if she expects to get anything at all. The other contest will be upon the same general grounds as that of three children. It is stated that the contest of the heirs will be brought to obtain relief in case Judge Slack is reversed by the Supreme Court in his ruling destroying the trust clause in the will.

THE ITALIAN AFTER HIS VICTORY.

H. H. Brown, a New York Contractor, Expired of Heart Disease on the Way Up the Sound.

Fall River, Mass., Nov. 10.—A passenger on the Fall River steamer Puritan last night, who registered as "H. H. Brown," died suddenly aboard the steamer about 7 o'clock. The medical examiner in this city expressed the opinion that heart disease was the cause of death.

Brown is supposed to have been a railroad contractor, and was on his way from New York to Boston.

BOGUS STUDENT'S FLIGHT.

Providence, R. I., Nov. 10.—Smith English, who masqueraded as a Brown University student under the alias of "Harold L. Graham," and who was captured by Richard Croker's sons, Richard T. and Frank H., has been convicted and sentenced on a second charge of theft.

He is thought by the police to have an extensive record, and they are looking up his career.

JOURNAL "WANTS" IN CANARY ISLANDS.

Publisher New York Journal.

Dear Sir: We take pleasure in sending you an unsolicited testimonial as to the value of advertising in your paper.

We can readily understand why your "Wants" are making such big gains every day. We are regular advertisers in the Sunday Journal, and receive results from all over the United States and Canada, and believe you will be very much interested to see a letter which we received from Mr. P. S. Bellamy, Los Palmas, Canary Islands. Journal "Wants" certainly cover the world. Your medium has been of great service to us in securing agents and salesmen, who have all been very satisfactory. Yours very truly,

HOME SPECIALTY COMPANY, 416 North 10th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

PARIS, NOV. 10.—Englishmen and Americans, although, as a rule, they are sometimes forced by the circumstances of life on the Continent into situations where it is difficult to extricate one's self honorably without consenting to an encounter on what is known as the field of honor, the refusal of a challenge being sufficient to bar them from any further social intercourse in European society. Even English diplomats are sometimes compelled to figure in single combat of this nature, although, of course, duelling being strictly forbidden by English law, and by the regulations of the service to which they belong, they run the risk of dismissal. It is on this account, as well as in consequence of the well known prejudices of their countrymen, that they keep their connection with affairs of this kind as quiet as possible, and that the public rarely hears of the participation in duels on the Continent of either English or Americans, excepting when these have nothing to lose in the consideration and esteem of their countrymen, and are devoured by a desire for notoriety.

Had Sir Robert.

Of this class is Sir Robert Peel, the degenerate grandson and heir of one who was probably the foremost statesman of the reign of Queen Victoria, and who, according to the assertions of the evening papers here, and to the reports current in the clubs and on the boulevards this afternoon, was to have fought a duel with an adversary, whom Sir Robert at first intimated was a French duke, but who subsequently turned out to be an Italian nobleman, whose name does not figure in the Almanach de Gotha, and who styles himself the Duke of Credula. As far as can be learned from this ridiculous affair, which is calculated to still further lower Sir Robert in the eyes of his countrymen, the young Baronet had been speaking somewhat openly at Monte Carlo in justification of ex-Captain Albert Dreyfus, and denouncing that officer's conviction as a traitor and his lifelong imprisonment as merely a device to shield people high in authority here at

The Italian appears to have taken upon the cudgels on behalf of the French authorities, and to have abused Sir Robert in a manner second to none. Hearing this, Sir Robert sent some very insulting letters to the Italian, who had meanwhile left for Geneva. On receipt of these letters the Italian quitted Geneva and came here for the purpose of fighting Sir Robert, and on his arrival immediately commenced the duel. It is stated that the duel was fought at the Cercle Armes de Litterature, a well known club in the Rue Volney, where they offered a full apology on behalf of Sir Robert, who expressed regret at having written his insulting letters to the Italian, as he declared that he had since learned that the remarks made by the letter about him had never been used.

The affair is scarcely calculated to improve the reputation of Sir Robert, either at home or abroad, or to raise him in the esteem of his countrymen. He had scarcely attained his majority before he became a bankrupt to the very last degree, his liabilities being due to losses at cards and on the turf. The next episode of his career was his engagement to Miss Flossie Fitzwilliam, the match, however, being broken off in a sensational manner at Monte Carlo in consequence of Sir Robert's attentions to Mrs. Langtry. After a further appearance in the bankruptcy courts, young Peel went to America with the purpose of securing a grant of a "fresh start" from Henry Sanford, president of the Adams Express Company, who, however, denounced him as a spendthrift and a libertine, and who according to Sir Robert's own admission in print and contained in an interview published at the time, charged him with forgery.

The Quarrelsome Frenchman.

M. Thomeux, whose last duel a few weeks ago was in connection with a dispute as to the amount of starch in the shirt which the Count of Turin wore during his recent encounter with Prince Henry of Orleans, called upon Sir Robert Peel at his hotel, and from him obtained the name of two friends ready to act in his behalf. These gentlemen met the Italian's second in a late hour to-night at the Cercle Armes de Litterature, a well known club in the Rue Volney, where they offered a full apology on behalf of Sir Robert, who expressed regret at having written his insulting letters to the Italian, as he declared that he had since learned that the remarks made by the letter about him had never been used.

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Sir Robert denounced this latter charge as untrue in the interview, but confessed to be a libertine, saying: "I have never done anything to disgrace the name, except to play fast and loose with women. And every young man in high English society is expected to do that." On his father's death Sir Robert endeavored to make a settlement with his numerous creditors in the bankruptcy court. His wealthy German brother-in-law coming to his rescue, and receiving in return for the large sums of money which he advanced a mortgage on the furniture and belongings in the ancestral country seat of the family.